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CENTENNIAL ON THE BRAIN

Words by Little Jennie Quigley.

Musio by Prof. Edmund Clark.

The people have gone crazy
Away from all restraint:
For one and all, both great and small,
Have got a strange complaint;
Its spread the country over,
From Texas up to Maine,
A sort of epizootic—
Centennial on the brain.

CHO.—Hurrah for Seventy-six!
Hurrah! and Yankee doodle doo;
Then beat the drum and ring the bells,
And blow the trumpets too,
We'll never see so big a time
In all this world again,
Oh, we are mad, yes, got it bad—
Centennial on the brain.

We hear it gossiped over,
And all the people say,
While children howl and babies squall—
Centennial night and day;
We get it for our dinner,
Our supper too again,
In fact we're nearly crazy,
Centennial on the brain.—CHO.

No matter where we wander,
In every lane or street,
A thousand ways, before your gaze,
Centennial we meet.
Escaping from its clutches
It's useless and in vain—
Its worse to catch than measles—
Centennial on the brain.—CHO.

If things don't reach a focus
Inside the present year,
With one big crash we'll go to smash
And leave this troubled sphere:
Some one will raise a tomb-stone,
And write in letters plain;
"This glorious country died of—
Centennial on the brain!"—CHO.

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